

happened to have it in my power to do, what was considered by him a very great favor for a Maricopa Chief. As an evidence of his gratitude he, first pledging me

LEGEND OF THE ARROWHEAD

(Continued from Page 21)

never to reveal either sign or word to any white man, gave me a shibbolith and a sign, which he assured me would secure me respectful and kindly treatment from any Indian Chief when his tribe was at peace with the white race. As a last result I hailed my old companion of the Rancheria with the mystic word and sign and in a short time found myself entirely at home with him. Our conversation was carried on in the Spanish language and from his lips I heard, what probably no white man has ever heard before, the tradition of the Arrowhead. And it was only after repeated urging on my part that he consented to unveil, what, to him and many generations of his race, has been the profoundest secret and the most sacred mystery of their lives. Prefacing his story with the statement that he alone of all his tribe was the custodian of the secret, that he saw by unmistakable signs that his days were numbered and that in a few short years not one of his race would be left to look upon the pleasant scene where for hundreds of years his brethren had roamed, sole masters of the soil, he entered upon the recital of his strange and which I hope will prove to the reader, not uninteresting story. I give it merely in his own words, simply avoiding the peculiar idioms which as a matter of course would distinguish his speech.

I

Many, ah so many years ago, so many that these great trees upon the mountain tops and in the canyons were but slender saplings when our forefathers first saw them, my people dwelt in fertile plains far beyond yonder mountains to the East. That barren desert beyond them rivalled the valley which stretches out before us in beauty and productivity. Pleasant streams coursed downward from the mountain and shady groves of willow and cottonwood, pinyon and palm, a few of the latter, of which remain to this day, made pleasant resting places for the hunter and sheltered our villages from the heat. Two nations, and two only, dwelt between the Snowy Range and the great river which you call the Colorado. The tribe from which I have descended lived nearer the mountains, and delighted in cultivating the soil and dwelling in peace. The dwellers by the river were fierce and warlike and held but little intercourse with us. We worshipped the Great Spirit in flowery meadows, and our offerings were the first fruit of our orchards and fields. Those who dwelt beyond us built great temples of stone, which they stained with the blood of captives in war, and with a certain number of their first born children. A mountain range, which has long since disappeared, divided our respective territories,



while the difference between our habits and customs, served as still more effective barriers to any general intercourse. Once in every five years, however, it was the custom of the two nations to meet by their chosen representatives upon the summit of the dividing ridge and settle, amicably, any dispute which might have arisen by reason of chance incursions of hunting parties of one tribe upon the territory of the other. It was upon one of these occasions that the dwellers by the river brought tidings of a hitherto unheard of danger which threatened them. The waters of the river had been rising gradually for several moons past; that the flood did not come from the melting of the winter's snow in the northern mountains was apparent from the total lack of current in the usually turbid stream. Those who had dipped their buckets in the river reported the water brackish and unfit for use. Nothing was then known of the big sea water far beyond. The time when the awful truth would force itself upon the dwellers by the river was not far distant. Our forefathers had scarcely returned from the conference I have spoken

(Continued on Page 24)